

ARTISAN WORK

I thought it fixed its glass hat
I thought it fixed its seaweed in the water
I thought it fixed its nails
I thought it fixed its snails
I thought it fixed its saints
I thought it fixed its sanctity
I thought it fixed its image
I thought it fixed its waterfalls
I thought it fixed plumbing

TIGER

I know of upstairs
I know of downstairs
I know of a tenement house
I know of a kitty cat on the front stoop
I know of a tiger that is shared by all the rest
I know of the upperworld
I know of the underworld
I know of a stairway during our wilderness
I know of downstairs
I know of afternoonish
I know of how oftentimes a visitor
I know of April tidings
I know of the tiger on the stoop

SANCTIFIED

I thought they were English rebels
I thought they were American rebels
I thought they were Cromwell rebels
I thought they absconded culture
I thought they absconded beautiful witches
I thought they believed in piety
I thought they believed in sanctity
I thought they were sanctified
I thought they were opinionated
I thought they were bourgeois rascals
I thought they abused the Magna Charta
I thought they abused the yellow pencil
I thought they abused Abernathy

— Alfred Starr Hamilton

Montclair NJ